I'll Watch Over You

by 46captain46

Summary: Cas is now human and problems emerge. Luckily Dean is there
for him. Destiel, just so we are clear.

    I'll Watch Over You

Hey guys! Sooo I was an emotional wreck and I decided to write
something. Don't worry, nobody dies this time.

It's just a small one-shot I came up with, nothing much. To be honest
I have no idea when this takes place. It could be after the finale of
season 8, it could be years later. Whatever you want. As always a
huge thank you to my beta ForeverShippingJohnlock! And of course, my
dear friend MyLovelyMarauder that's always there for me, encouraging
and supporting me.

Disclaimer: I think we have established that I don't own any of the
characters, just the plot. But one day maybe I willâ€¦

Now, off with the story. Enjoy!

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><p>It had been this way for a few days now. Honestly Dean was
starting to get frustrated. Cas had fallen just two weeks ago and all
things considered he was doing well adjusting to human life. He got
used to eating and drinking quite easily and he enjoyed his showers,
that much was clear. The clothing part was a little difficult, with
him never having to change out of the familiar suit and trench coat,
but it had been easily dealt with, Dean lending him some of
his.<p>

The hunter kind of enjoyed seeing the former angel wearing his
clothes. It was the only thing he could share with the angel now.
Without meaning to he took a quick glance to his now-smooth shoulder.
For some reason â€" one he knew but didn't want to admit â€" he

missed the handprint terribly. It was the reminder that Cas had always saved him and always would, the thing that sometimes, looking at the mirror, made him feel a little worth it. He felt so bare now that it was gone, like a part of himself had disappeared as well.

Sometimes he could almost _feel_ that Cas missed it too. He would glance at Dean's shoulder and a pained expression would cross his face. Now that he wasn't an angel the emotions were even stronger and he was just as vulnerable as the rest of them.

He had been spending a lot of his time in his room. At first Dean thought he was just trying to process everything, falling asleep after a while. Apparently though, that was not the case when one night he gently opened Cas' bedroom door only to find the occupant sitting Indian style on his bed, a mug of strong black coffee in hand. It seemed to the hunter that he hadn't slept at all. Taking a closer look at the former angel he finally noticed the dark circles under his red eyes. His body was exhausted, anyone could see that, but he refused to oblige to its pleas, and Dean wanted to know why. But now was not the time. Maybe if he gave Cas a few nights he would get used to the concept of sleep and he would get his much-needed rest. So he didn't go in, didn't try to knock some sense into him.

The next morning, he saw Cas with a mug of coffee in hand again, almost too exhausted to walk, but chose not to say anything.

The morning after that, Dean could see him burying his nose into books and TV and energy drinks and basically anything he could find to keep his eyes open. Needless to say, Dean was furious; he could see what the lack of sleep did to him but the stubborn bastard kept going. Dean really didn't know why Cas disliked sleep so much, and the whole situation was getting ridiculous. But again, with controlled anger - just barely - he clenched his teeth and let it slide.

By the third day, Cas was barely able to stand. He had stopped eating and Sam was starting to notice, a frown quickly forming on his mouth.

It was two a.m. and Cas was consuming yet another energy drink when Dean decided he had had enough.

"What the hell, man?"

"What?" Cas asked, totally oblivious to the reason behind Dean's anger. But the former angel knew very well what this was about. Dean could see that. He knew him better than he knew himself after all. He never realized that it was the other way around too, though.

"You know what. Something's been going on with you and I'm not talking about the fall," He deliberately ignored Cas' shoulders tensing at his words, "but something else." Dean was now looking him straight in the eye, almost daring him to deny it.

Heaving a sigh, Cas leaned against the wall, clearly too tired to hold up his own body.

"You're talking about sleep."

"Hell yeah I'm talking about sleep," he replied, eyes spitting fire, his words no softer than iron. "The last few days you seem to be doing everything in your power not to fall asleep. What's going on?" His voice had risen and he had to remind himself that Sam was sleeping.

"I - I don't like the process," Cas replied, his eyes shielded and hard.

"That's bull. You're clearly exhausted and sleep is important so why don't you tell me the real reason?"

"That is the real reason."

The impassiveness of his voice was driving Dean crazy. Taking two steps forwards, the hunter was now the one invading the other's personal space. For a mere second Cas let his defenses down, because this was Dean, and the hunter got a glimpse of what his best friend was feeling. His eyes widened considerably in understanding and his gaze softened as he - unconsciously - moved his hand to cup the other's face. He didn't notice the way the other leaned slightly into his palm.

"Nightmares," was the only word Dean uttered, his tone barely above a whisper, still looking at Cas' blue depths. Depths that were now hidden from him as he lowered his head, clearly ashamed of his 'weakness'. Maybe Dean knew Cas too well.

And Dean understood why he was trying so hard to stay awake. He had his fair share of them too. Nightmares and bloody memories that his mind chose to display as dreams. But they had eased and lessened over the years, especially when Cas was watching over them. Suddenly he felt terrible for accusing before listening. The newly human Cas was clearly struggling and the only thing Dean did was yell at him.

Using his hand to cup Cas' jaw, Dean gently tilted his face up, forcing their eyes to lock. Cas' were shining with unshed tears and Dean felt his heart break once more. In one swift motion he pulled his best friend close and wrapped his arms tightly around him. God only knew just how much Dean needed it. How much they _both_ needed it. They stayed like that for who knows how long, just marveling at each other's presence, one reassuring the other of their very much alive and beating hearts.

Pulling away after a few minutes, Dean extended his hand, a silent invitation, and Cas took it without hesitating because, really, when did Cas ever hesitate when it came to Dean?

The hunter led Cas to his room and closed the door behind him. Inside, he laid himself on the bed, taking Cas with him. Dean wrapped his arms around his waist and pulled him closer. Cas' head was now nestled in the crook of Dean's neck and his arms were linked around his waist, keeping him close, and neither seemed to care. It was the most relaxed and safe they had felt in a very long time.

"Thank you," he whispered after a while, a sound barely audible, but it was enough.

Dean didn't answer. Instead, he pressed his lips lightly to his angel's forehead, a silent promise that he would always be there, just as Cas had always been there for him.

"This time," Dean said into his ear, "I'll watch over _you_." These were the last words Cas heard before he fell into a peaceful sleep with a small smile on his lips, Dean following him soon after.

And if the next morning they woke up with content smiles on their faces, no one could blame them.

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><p>Soooo that's it! I hope you liked it and reviews are welcomed (and I love them).<p>

Byeeee,

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End
file.